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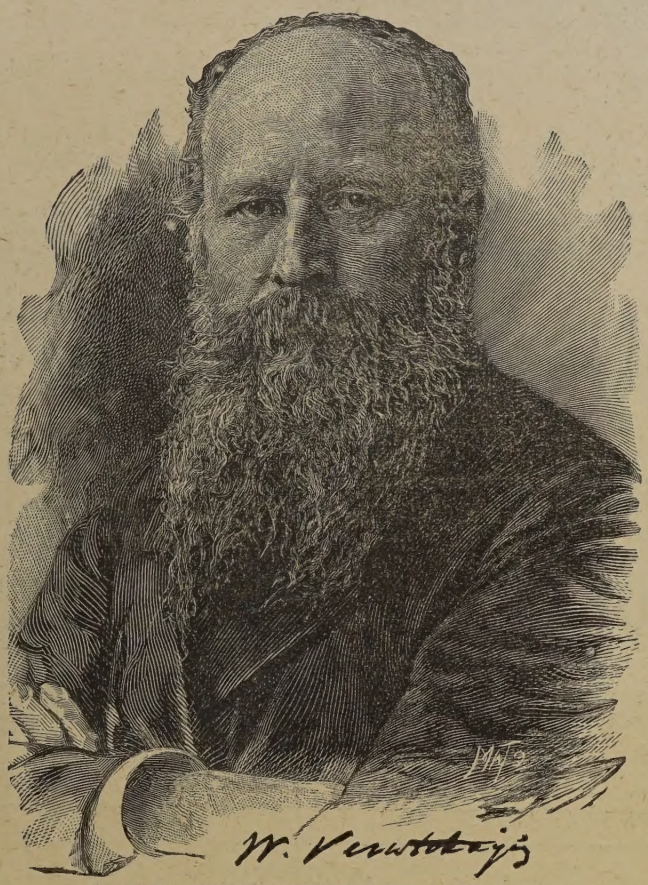
# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVIII. CHICAGO, JANUARY 23, 1902. NUMBER 21



VASSILI VASSILIVITCH VERESTCHAGIN

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# UNITY

VOLUME XLVIII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1902. NUMBER 21

God is God.

**Yet we must give the children leave to use**
**Our garden tools, though they spoil tool and plant**
**In learning. So the Master may not scorn**
**Our awkwardness, as with these bungling hands**
**We try to uproot the ill, and plant with good**
**Life's barren soil; the child is learning use.**
**Perhaps the angels even are forbid**
**To laugh at us, or may not care to laugh.**
**With kind eyes pitying our little hurts.**

*"The Hermitage."* *E. R. Sill.*

---

In a recent sermon by M. J. Savage to young men and women he tells of certain stanzas quoted to him by his colleague, Robert Collyer, which "have rung in my memory ever since with their magnificent challenge to trust." We snatch them out of Mr. Savage's sermon and give them a place in the UNITY columns, hoping that the "magnificent challenge" may ring in other ears:

"Oh, a noble thing is prudence!
And they are useful friends
Who never make beginnings
Until they see the ends.

"But give me now and then a man,
And I will make him king,
Just to take the consequence,
And just to *do* the thing."

---

The Unitarian papers of England are giving publicity to the fact that certain personal friends of Dr. Brooke Herford have recently presented him with a gift amounting to some sixteen thousand dollars, about sixteen hundred of which came from his American friends, as a token of respect on his retirement from the active ministry. This evidence of appreciation on the part of the friends of this servant of the public is gratifying, but it carries with it a sense of regret that that should come with an accent of charity—at least as a "gift"—which was so manfully and nobly earned in life. Brooke Herford was not a money maker, but he had that in him that would have made wealth if he had not preferred to devote himself to a higher business. And if those "friends" of his had recognized the law of values throughout the long and diligent years of Mr. Herford's ministry, that would not now come as a *gift* that long since was a *due*. It is easier in this world to be charitable than it is to be just, to give gratuities than to pay debts of a certain kind.

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Prominence brings responsibility. A man's personal influence keeps pace with his circle of acquaintance. It is bad enough for a citizen in humble life to vitiate his breath with tobacco and dissipate his forces, physical and financial, on cigars, but when that man is a minister of religion, a preceptor of youth, a guide to young men, the contagious power for evil is greatly enhanced and his bad example is the more deplorable. When an obscure citizen sneaks off to Europe to try his luck at the gaming tables of Monte Carlo, it is bad; but the circle of his influence is limited. But when the great Schwab, an "industrial king," one of the great steel captains of America, whose career from a poor boy up to this prominence is a matter of national fame and approval, sets himself to the silly task of "breaking the bank of Monte Carlo" and undertakes to make gambling respectable, or at least to set the ethical standards concerning such at defiance by virtue of his flaunted millions, his crime is so much the more flagrant, his shame so much the more marked. Fie on Schwab, the multi-millionaire gambler of Monte Carlo!

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*The Outlook* for January 8, in an appreciative notice of Mr. Scudder's "Life of Lowell," says: "Lowell was not only a man of letters, but also a man of affairs, with a definite leaning toward public matters, entirely unable to isolate himself from the movements of his times." Is not this an ultimate test of a man's vitality and power, a measure of a man's manliness? Let his taste or skill make of him a carpenter or an architect, a painter, poet or preacher, man of affairs or man of the study, a merchant or a farmer, in proportion as he is alive all through he is in his sympathies and energies allied to the general life of which he is a part, to the community to which he belongs, to the state without which he cannot pursue his particular quest. Such a man of letters was Victor Hugo, such a man of art is Verestchagin, such men of the pulpit were Henry Ward Beecher and Theodore Parker. Let this home test be applied on the farm, in the exchange and in the pulpit, and it will be better for the country, as for the individual.

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President Schurman, whose relation to the Philippine question is very intimate, thinks that the Filipino government should buy the lands of the friars and sell them to the tenants. But has the United States Government no obligations in this matter? These years of devastating and distracting war in the interest of the stars and stripes have left the Filipino government in poor condition to buy lands or to inaugurate civic reforms. If the anxiety of the United States for the well being of these islanders is genuine and wise, let it divert the millions that it still intends to spend in the "pacification" of the natives by "force of arms" to the pacifications of peace. Let our government satisfy, so far as money can, at least, the rightful claim of friar and rebel. If the one hundred millions asked for the extension of the navy were invested in some wise homestead scheme and public school administration in the Philippines, the natives might learn to forget the indignity offered by the campaignings of a foreign army

within their boundaries, and the American flag might yet become an object of love and the symbol of peace where now are broken homes, embittered lives and thwarted ideals.

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The First Regiment Armory in the City of Chicago was recently the scene of a most disreputable carousal which unfortunately is an annual event. It was the so-called "annual ball of the First Ward Democratic Clubs." The local press well characterized it as an "orgy of vice." Thieves, crooks, ex-felons and disreputable men and women of all shades of degradation were rounded up to pay their tribute to the senior Alderman of the First Ward, to inaugurate his next campaign, to reinforce his campaign fund. Liquor in unlimited quantities flowed from open bars, frequented by men and women alike. The worst feature about this is that it is regarded as an inevitable "Political Function," and, to his shame be it said, the Mayor of the city, it is reported, lent his presence for a time and led in the "grand march" of this "ball." There is the minimum of party significance in this indignity, for a similar "round-up of the disreputable" on the other side appears in the "Annual Function" of the so-called "Republican Marching Club." If "Bathhouse John" makes a bigger show and rakes in more ducats for the campaign fund than his rivals in the "Marching Club," it is simply because the administration of the tough wards has been longer in the hands of the Democrats than the Republicans, and the consequent number of henchmen and parasites is greater. Here is another call for publicity. Let the names of the would-be respectable men who countenance these "political necessities" be published, and let all the respectable citizens of Chicago cry Shame! Shame!

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In the fellowship of the faith that abides and the religion that is in league with knowledge, UNITY extends its sympathy to Charles H. Pearson, Professor of English in Northwestern University. Last week, in response to the urgent appeal of his pastor that every member of the church should take up some kind of evangelistic work, his conscience compelled him to take up the invitation, and he spoke out in the interest of the religion of law versus the religion of miracle, the faith that is allied to reason as opposed to the faith that rests in dogma. He pointed to the legendary elements in the Scripture, as contradistinguished from the permanent principles and high spiritual utterances and standards. He doubtless expected the storm that broke upon his head. The Methodist ministers of Chicago, at their Monday meeting, showed great excitement. One honored "presiding elder" mildly suggested his readiness to see "him skinned and the skin stretched upon a barndoor and salted." He further indicated the desire to "see him stood upon his head and his ears filled with vinegar until he would come to his senses." Of course the good brother did not mean anything like this, and he has good ecclesiastical warrant for his caustic rhetoric, but we are sorry for this display of coarseness on the part of a minister of religion, and we are sorry, not on account of Professor Pearson, but on account of the "presiding elder" and the churches that wait upon his ministry. We are not surprised at the Professor's declaration. His friends have known him for a long time as a man who has been doing his own thinking on these lines. He has been waiting to see his duty in the matter. This is not as plain as it used to be when emigration was the only resource of the thinker. Now there is so much thinking done inside the Methodist Church, so many hundred thousand communicants who love both Methodism and science, who want to be loyal to the church of their fathers and also loyal to their God-given reason, that it is not strange that a man in Professor Pearson's position should feel a representative responsibility.

If Professor Pearson is to be read out of the church, let the church be equal to its obligation and its opportunity and keep on its work of expurgation until the Sunday-school teaching, the deaconate and the pulpit, saying nothing of the pews of Methodism, are cleansed from this virus of rationalism, the leaven of reason. If the Methodist Church is not ready to enter into this wholesale expulsion of heresy, let it so modify its statutes and its discipline that a man may be a good Methodist and at the same time an honest thinker, a cultured gentleman who religiously is at home with the best thinkers and some of the noblest men and women of his generation. If Methodism does not find a way of reconciling John Wesley to Ralph Waldo Emerson and its thought of revelation to the law of evolution, then so much the worse for Methodism, for Emerson, evolution and the Bible are to remain joint and harmonious factors in the religious life of the future.

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## Verestchagin.

There is but one Verestchagin. He is one of the greatest and bravest artists of the world. His genius has rendered obsolete all the battle scenes ever painted by his predecessors, and his genius in this direction partly lies in the ethical insight that enabled him to see things as they are on the battlefield, and the integrity as an artist that gave him courage to paint things as he saw them. Verestchagin for the second time is in our midst, and the people of the United States are permitted once more to study his revealing canvases.

To those who were permitted to study the marvelous exhibit of 1889 there is necessarily something of an anti-climax to the present exhibit. We miss the shock, the surprise, the startling revelation that comes to the soul when it is introduced to a new and striking genius, when it is confronted for the first time with unexpected originality and power, and this can come but once in the presence of the same genius. We miss the cumulative power that came with the first exhibit and belonged to the vastness of that display. The number, size and marvelous range of subjects of that exhibit left an ineffaceable impression, and the marvel that one mind could conceive and one pair of hands could execute has never passed away.

But after all the disappointment is but passing; the pleasure in the pictures of Verestchagin is promptly regained, and now as then the pleasure soon gives way to something more profound, the power of the artist strikes deeper into the soul than joy can go and finds

the habitation of anguish which is always the witness to the God-like in mind, a hint of the deathless element in man.

This present exhibition contains all the elements necessary to make it not only a notable event in the art history of the United States, but it ought to mark a great epoch in the ethical life and moral consciousness of thousands of its citizens. To those of us who came under the spell of the first exhibit this has its elements of delightful surprise, the first of which is that life which twelve years ago seemed to have accomplished the maximum of life's possibilities has still gone on creating and triumphing, conquering new worlds in the realm of most difficult and dangerous art. The second surprise is that the master's hand has lost none of its cunning. This present exhibit is inferior to the old only in extent of canvas and variety of themes. Here is the same relish of sunshine, the same revel in light, the same heroic painting of out-of-doors, a disregard of conventional shadows and groupings in the masterly confidence that reality is beautiful enough for art. It is a delight to realize that this man, perhaps the greatest of living artists, still worships devoutly at the shrine of the "God of things as they are." We rejoice also that fame has not dulled the ethical insight of our artist, that this student of war is still the great prophet of peace, that the trustees of the Nobel Fund left by the Great Swede made no mistake when they recognized in Verestchagin the man who might deserve the honors and the awards that belong to the man who through art had made the greatest contribution to peace during the year in which he was honored.

This exhibit, alas! touches the American soul quite beyond the reach of the exhibit of 1889, for we stand accused at the bar of this artist—aye, at the court of justice—of being guilty of the atrocities, party to the inhumanities, victims of the glare and the glory of cruel, relentless, needless, uncompensating war ourselves. Our brothers' blood is upon our hands; we, too, are partakers of the ghastly crime of civilization. The hideous and fundamental inhumanity of our boasted Christianity, that which in the name of progress and culture in what we insolently dare call our "Gospel," desecrates what religion should consecrate, elevates power above pity, and undertakes to justify by statute enactment, commercial necessity and international politics what by the laws of God are forever decreed wrong. We, too, have violated the sacred demand of the decalogue that says "Thou shalt not kill," and have trampled under foot the beatitude that says "Blessed are the peacemakers." Let the hundreds of thousands of American voters and the scarcely less number of American women not voters look at these pictures of Verestchagin from the Philippines and see how it looked to those on the ground, that they may realize what they applauded, why they cheered. Verestchagin, the Russian child of genius, braved the dangers of our battlefields that he might bring to us some fragmentary but powerful glimpses of the work we have been doing, the devastation we have wrought and the indignity we have offered to God and man.

We shrink from the indelicacy of speaking of the distinguished personality of the artist that is at the present time our guest. But we cannot overlook the significant fact that our artist is a Russian. He comes from the land of ice and snow, the country that seems to be the battleground between the old and the new; despotic, cruel, martial Russia on the one hand, and the Russia that emancipated its serfs without bloodshed, that gave birth and nurture to Pushkin, Turgueneff, Tolstoy and Verestchagin on the other hand, the men who have lent their genius to the service of the poor and the enslaved, who have enlisted art in the interest of morals and religion. Notwithstanding the old proverb, "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar," we find in these Russians the disciples of science, the friends of humanity.

Russia is the land of paradoxes. Its Czar arrogates more imperial power than any crowned head in Europe. He is the head of the largest standing army in the world. And here is Verestchagin, not only the greatest artist in Russia, but as it seems to us the greatest artist in the world, using his genius for the purpose of dismantling the forts of the world, compelling the nations to ground arms.

Russia seems to represent today the interesting morning of a civilization that is to come, when the rude forces, the tremendous animal energy of barbaric assets of that undeveloped country will be touched with culture and refinement. Such were the conditions in England when Shakespeare and his brilliant contemporaries and immediate successors appeared. They were the conditions in Germany that gave Lessing and Luther, the raw forces of Northern Italy that gave Savonarola and Michael Angelo, and that in Skandinavia gave Thorwaldsen and Hans Christian Andersen. Nature is severe in Russia, and human nature O so cruel! Is this land of Siberian cruelty, tyranny to the Jew and ostracism to the wise and the loving—is this also the country of promise as it is to-day unquestionably the land of prophecy?

Vassili Vassilivitch Verestchagin is a Russian; we wish we might say he is a typical Russian, but of that we are not competent to speak. His father, a landowner, had conventional ambitions for his son. He must study at a naval academy, fit himself for His Majesty's employ and perchance in due time win renown on land or sea. But there was a fire in the boy which the father could not control, a passion that turned all material into fuel. It was the Academy of Design across the way that absorbed the enthusiasm and contributed most to the culture of the cadet at the Naval School. At seventeen he abandoned naval studies altogether and gave himself wholly to art. At twenty-two he was in Paris studying under Jerome. At twenty-seven he was following the Russian army into the heart of Asia, carrying paint tubes, not bullets, in his pouch. But he drops his brushes and picks up a musket to defend the fortress of Samarkand. At thirty-two he is painting at Munich. Then he takes himself off with a young wife into British India, wades through the dangerous snows of the upper Himalayas, scorches himself with the blistering sun, where

"Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

Later we find him attached as an artist to the army of the Czar in the Turko-Russian war; anon he pene-

trates the valleys and climbs the heights of Palestine in search of more material for his brush. And, still young in spirit and full of vitality, he goes from country to country and from war to war, making not only picture after picture that commands the study of the artist, but creating art gallery after art gallery that challenges the attention of the common people and compels the admiration of the competent.

It is not for us to venture an art estimate of this man's work. It is safe to say in this direction that his pictures are unlike anything we have seen before. Artistically speaking, they are unconventional. They show the minimum of the tricks of the trade, the maximum of the frankness of nature and of life. They are flooded with sunlight. There is generous space. Even the ghastly corpse of the soldier on the battlefield is overarched with the great, hospitable blue sky.

We remember how his Jewish pilgrims wailing at Solomon's wall, crowded and pinched by human prejudices, imprisoned by the social barriers of centuries—even these children of gloom were given abundant sunlight, and if they dared but lift their eyes their wailings would be rebuked by glorious glimpses of cloudland, unmeasured depths of atmosphere.

This artist evidently thinks that if he can do as well for his figures as nature does he will do well enough for them. So he has no artificial points of light. He has taken the old artist's advice to the young sculptor who asked how he could get the best light on his statue. "Put it," said the master, "in the public square."

One other significant general fact presses us in this study. This artist not only paints things as they are, but is content to confine himself to things that are. His canvases are alive with nineteenth century life. He has wasted none of his splendid energy in painting nude Dianas or muscular Hercules clad in meager goatskins. He has not tried to paint saints who, as he himself says, "sit on clouds as on armchairs and sofas, or surrounded with luxuries that were distasteful to them in life." His figures have clothes on.

But the artist has a right to speak for himself, and each artist speaks in his own language. Verestchagin's chosen language is the language of the brush; his primal appeal is to the eye.

Next week we may take a hurried walk through the galleries which he has himself arranged, and through which he preached last Sunday to the largest audience in Chicago, probably as large as all the audiences of the English speaking preachers of Chicago put together. Last Sunday 9,500 people are reported by the turnstile at the door, it tells no lies, as having seen his pictures.

---

## Life.

I came from darkness for awhile,
To stand within the sun,
The springtides blush, the summers smile,
But soon the race is run!

O dear sweet life, I do so long
For things time will not give,
To reach death's gate, I feel were wrong,
Unless beyond I live!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

## Mr. Verestchagin at All Souls Church, Chicago Sunday, January 19, 1902.

After the devotional exercises and the singing of a voluntary by the Treble Cleff Quartette, Mr. Jones said:

"It is a far cry from Moscow to Chicago. Russia, the most imperial of modern European governments, and the United States, that aspires to be the most democratic, seem to stand at the extreme poles of organized civilization. The difference between the Greek Church, the most ancient of Christian ecclesiasticism, and this, a protestant among protestant churches, seems very great. But all these extremes meet here today, and it gives me great joy to welcome to this platform the man who has wrought so mightily for peace and universal brotherhood, the artist who has made common cause with the prophet who has given gospel power to the brush. Mr. Verestchagin of Russia."

ABSTRACT OF ADDRESS OF MR. VERESTCHAGIN.

*Stenographically Reported by Mary B. Burroughs.*

You will excuse my poor English. I will not speak this morning on war directly, but on the social problem intimately connected with war, in which war is but an element, in the settling of which war will be settled.

In the hospital I knew a soldier who had a wound in his leg. That wound healed and the man seemed cured, but soon another wound appeared a little lower, a similar wound on the same leg. This wound was also cured, but a third wound came still lower on the same bone, on the same leg. Then this wound was cured, and the man seemed to recover again, but another wound came still lower on the same bone, on the same leg. Then the doctors and surgeons held a consultation and agreed that no common means of curing would be sufficient. They must have a radical, a capital operation, after which the man recovered.

Now, listen! An emperor is killed. Oh, how bad! How wrong! What confusion it brought. But there were some reasons for this killing. It was removing the head of a monarchy that was sometimes tyrannical and cruel. But then the man was caught and ordered shot. That is right. That is good. He must be prevented from killing another emperor.

Then things seemed to be quiet. Order and confidence were restored. But after a short time a king is killed, a good king, a king who was kind to his subjects, beloved. Well, this man was taken. He was not killed, but he was shut up in a cage, where he was to have no intercourse with his kind for his whole life. That is good. That is right. He must be prevented from killing some other king.

Again all is quiet. Again there is confidence. But, lo, an empress is killed! Now an empress. Oh, that is too bad! A woman, and a very charming woman. She was not responsible for the deeds of her husband. She was not in public life. She was a very good woman. What is the matter? The man is caught again. He also was shut up. He was not allowed to speak to any man, see anybody. He was put in a cage. That is right. That is fine. He must under-

stand that to kill an empress is not a proper thing. He must be prevented from doing similar wrong.

Well, again quiet for a certain time. But, lo, a president is killed. A president! Oh, oh, that is too bad. There may be some excuse for killing emperors and kings, but to kill a president in a free country, the choice of the people. Oh, that is very foolish. What of this murderer? Why, he must be killed twice. A special law must be enacted. This thing must be suppressed. But what is the matter?

It is evident that society is sick; it is suffering from a very severe wound, and the killing now and then of an emperor and a king cannot cure it. But it is well to understand, we must realize that the revolver which killed President McKinley was the same revolver which killed the Russian Emperor, the King of Italy and the Empress of Austria, and that this revolver was the revolver of poverty, of misery, of despair.

How cure such sickness? There is need of radical treatment. The money, millions and millions, and more millions, which is spent in taking life in different wars, must be applied to the curing of society. We must make war against war, seek to save life and not to destroy it. And it must be understood that in this war men must work together with women. I know that the women are working now in all sorts of charities, beautiful charities, too; but they work chiefly as helpers to man, as serfs. They have no right as women in the ordering of society. They must work by the side of their husbands and brothers. We must look to them for the control of the money and the direction of society.

Now, they can do those things which men do not know how to—works of mercy and helpfulness. Upon this we men cannot improve. But in the administration of business, the voting of money for war and destruction, we say the women are not capable to act or to judge. Why not? Why not possible? I ask why is it that if woman can be a queen, direct great forces and dictate to great men, she cannot be secretary of the state or secretary of the interior? How is it that woman can be empress, where she can dispose of the highest positions, but cannot occupy any one of these positions?

We say "nonsense." What would you say of the proprietor of a great establishment who will not allow some of the best and ablest workmen in his employ because they are too blonde; they are very good workmen, but their hair is too fair and long? This is exactly the case with the women. We all know that some of them are very able, very clever, that they can discharge many honors better than some men, but they must not be trusted because they are women. That is all. That is all.

I think it is not reasonable to deprive ourselves of this high help thus. In my own country the gentlemen are not trained as I said for these activities of peace. They are all trained for the arts of war. We are spoiled by the use of too much power. Women are more gentle than men; their characters are more tender. They can make many things which we cannot. They find ways to alleviate poverty, misery, despair, that load the revolver used in violence for the destruction of good things and high men and women. For my part, I look with hope and delight to the time when women will be admitted to all business and social life, when they will have the right to help control the money that now often controls the bitter wars. I am sure that if we men who now create the laws of every sort were to ask for the hundreds of millions of dollars for some fresh war, the women in their right would say: "No, we have seen too much misery, too much poverty; we will not give money to this bad business. This money must be spent at home. It is needed in some good business." That will be a great time when such action on the part of the women will make one war less. Then millions and millions of money will be spent in works where now only a few thousands are spent, and we will soon see great results. The sickness of nations will be cured. The great wound of society will be healed.

I do not say that man will then be happy, but he will be more comfortable, and that is saying much. Then and only then I feel will the revolver of poverty, misery and despair finish its ugly work, and that ugly work is war.

Ladies and gentlemen, I feel very much that this business of war will not be finished until we have the help of all good people, the very great help of good women.

### REMARKS BY MR. JONES.

In 1889 the canvases of this artist startled some of us in a way that we can never forget. Even those of us who had had some experience on the battlefield ourselves could say with Browning, we realize some things best when we see them painted. Those revealing canvases of 1889 are now reinforced by his no less revealing canvases of 1902. They constitute the most eloquent sermon for peace that has been uttered in this country from 1889 to 1902. They have spoken against war as no poet or statistician has been able to speak throughout Europe.

Our artist friend is too modest to speak of this exhibit in a field which he has made his own so pre-eminently, but it is for me in the freedom which I exercise on this platform to remind you that the greatest war prince of modern times, Von Moltke, issued an order that his private soldiers must not see these canvases; generals might, because they were supposed to have sufficient self-control to overcome the horror awakened or the anxiety stirred by these scenes of battle horrors, but the private soldier, who was supposed to know but one thing, and that was to obey, who had but one destiny, and that was to "die gloriously" on the field of Mars, must not be allowed to see these canvases. I wish I might reinforce in some small way, by statistics or facts, the argument which he has put into the great canvases on exhibition now at the Art Institute.

But we cannot enter into the agony of fifty thousand wounded. There are no fountains deep enough to shed adequate tears over fifty thousand graves. Better for us that we should be made to feel the agony of one wounded man, to know the searching pain in one broken home, to witness the desolation caused by a single open grave. It is such enforcements that our

friend has given us in many, many ways. Himself a student of war at short range, himself a witness to the terrors and the inspirations, such as they are, of the battlefield, himself a bearer of arms, himself wounded, languishing in the hospital, he has used his high genius to show us what war really is.

To-day he has called to his support, to our support, in this struggle for peace, woman. If all other arguments fail, if there be no other reason, if in any degree there is force in the argument my friend has offered this morning; that women would help retire the revolver; that women would retard the generous outflow of capital in the arts of destruction; that women would veto proclamations of violence and of war, then the argument is closed in the interest of all the rights you sisters dare claim any time you ask.

Oh, the horrible condition of the body politic today, the drain on vitality and energy caused by this gangrene of war. It stands in the way of the better education; it stands in the way of the better art; it stands in the way of the refinements of culture and the triumphs of science and of peace. Until war is dethroned, the nations are dehorned, fortresses are dismantled, our Christian claim is an insult to the Nazarene; our Christian pretension is a scandal to religion and to morals.

My friend and brother, we thank you, in the name of religion and humanity, for all you have done. Have you a closing word to give us?

MR. VERESTCHAGIN'S RESPONSE.

Just a word. I have spoken in a somber vein. May I show war in a little lighter vein, something that may be amusing, but it is terrible? What is a battle? It is this, one continuous roll: r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! (*With significant action.*) This continuous rattle being broken with the boom! boom! boom! of the cannon the whole day, from morning to eve; and then from time to time you hear the Aah—Aah—Aah—Aah! of the wounded as the men fall and are carried in. This begins in the morning and may not be finished at night, and very often begins the next day. I once asked a surgeon, "How many wounded today?" He said, "Well, not very many today, not more than eight or nine thousand." The next day he said, "The lost in killed and wounded amounts to eighty thousand."

But I do not wish to disturb your peace, and so I will finish again.

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"As the Mountains Are." CXXV.II.

Moon and starlight on the mountains,
Winds of the hills that wander free,
Snow-clad heights, eternal fountains,
Sun-brimmed gorges that slope to the sea,

Western summits aglow with morning,
Rainbow-crowned to greet the sun,
Peaks that echo the storm's loud warning,
Ramparts of splendor when day is done,

Guard us! Rouse us with thy thunders,
Soothe and strengthen with thy balm;
As of old with signs and wonders
Give our restless spirits calm.

Still the Lord is round His cherished
Like the hills, as long ago.
They that trusted have not perished.
They that do His will shall know.

EMELINE HARRINGTON.

# THE PULPIT.

## The Religion of All Good Men.

*A Sermon by Rev. W. H. Ramsey, Delivered at All Souls Church, Kansas City, Mo.*

There is a saying of Emerson that a definition of religion is possible that would render all scepticism ridiculous. Emerson himself did not attempt such a definition. Indeed he is the last man in the world from whom we should look for an exact definition upon any subject, but we can find a score of statements in his writings that show the kind of religion he was thinking about. It was probably what the friend of Tennyson had in mind when he asked the poet to write a poem on "the religion of all good men." Now, as a matter of fact, numberless statements of this religion are to be found scattered through our best modern literature. We do not find it in the form of theological definitions. The men and women who wrote the essays and poems and stories I refer to did not set out to write about religion at all. What they wrote blossomed and flowered out of their own life thoughts. And yet they express the great eternal truths and principles of religion as it dwells in the common heart of man. All the greatest and best poets of the century that has just closed have embodied those truths in their poems. Wordsworth, and Burns, Tennyson and Browning, Longfellow and Lowell, Emerson and Walt Whitman—to mention but a few among the greatest. Listen to Whitman:

Each is not for its own sake
I say the whole earth and all the stars in the sky are for religion's sake.
I say no man has ever yet been half devout enough;
None has ever yet adored or worshipped enough;
None has begun to think how divine he himself is, and how certain the future is.
I say that the real and permanent grandeur of these states is their religion,
Otherwise there can be no permanent grandeur,
Nor character, nor life worth the name, without religion.
Nor land, nor man or woman without religion.

Such is, moreover, the testimony of all the great and good men that our country, or any country, has produced. It is not the testimony of the poets and men of science alone; it is corroborated by the hard-headed men of science, and by all the practical leaders of our nation, and of any nation, that have deserved the name of statesmen. The great leaders of science, with seldom an exception—its Darwin and Spencer, its Huxley and Tyndall, its Thompson and Lyell, its Aggazis and Le Conte, and scores of others. All the great names that grace and give luster to the annals of our own and every civilized nation. The great men—great in mind and soul—who laid the foundations of our Republic, from George Washington to William McKinley, were all men who believed profoundly in the worth of religion—not merely as a satisfaction of their personal needs, but on the foundation of national greatness and stability. All these would, to a man, re-echo the words of Walt Whitman: "I say that the real and permanent grandeur of these States must be their religion." What, then, is this religion that holds such an all-important and vital relation to the greatness and permanence of a nation?

You will not misunderstand me, or accuse me of any disrespect to any of the religious organizations, or of any depreciation of the good work that they aim to do, and are doing, in a measure, if I say that religion, in the sense that it has been conceived of by the great men I have named, has no necessary connection with any church organization whatever. It is something vastly different from the thing with which churches have sometimes sought to identify it; it is something far more deeply interfused with human life; something more elemental in the human soul; something more natural. Churches and religious organizations are but one of the manifold phases of its exist-

ence—one manifestation of its power over human life. Religion is something vastly larger and deeper than any specific institution has even hinted at; it is universal in its sweep, and belongs to humanity in all its manifold capacities and experiences and activities.

How, then, shall it be even approximately set down in words? It is so much easier to say what religion is not, than what it is.

One thing is certain—all thoughtful people in our time have come to this conclusion—religion is not theology. Probably no church or creed has ever nakedly affirmed that the two things are identical. What churches have done—and done to their own hurt and loss of influence and power—is to say that their particular creeds and definitions were adequate statements of religion. Churches have made the serious mistake of narrowing, or trying to narrow, an infinite thing into the bounds of a limited verbal proposition. This is, of course, to attempt the impossible. All that the best, the broadest and most flexible of human creeds can do is to put into imperfect human symbols a few of the momentous facts and experiences of man's spiritual life. At best, all creeds are partial and transient:

> Our little systems have their day;
> They have their day, and cease to be;
> They are but broken lights of Thee,
> And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Without attempting a definition of religion that would subject us to the charge of inconsistency, or even folly, we may legitimately and properly inquire, what are the elements in that religion which is such a vital factor in the welfare of human society? I shall mention a few of those elements or characteristics that have interwoven themselves with my own habitual thought on the subject, leaving it to the reader to fill out or add to the category from his own reflection.

(1) One of the fundamental, primal elements in the religion that all good men believe in, and wish to see more prevalent than it is, is the element of reverence—a reverence from which the element of slavish and craven fear is eliminated. That is, as I would define it for myself, a humble and submissive attitude in the presence of the unspeakable and unexplainable mystery that surrounds us—a reverence, as Goethe puts it, for "the things that are above us." A reverence born of the consciousness that we are but finite and limited intelligences, trying to spell out something of the meaning of the mystery of birth and pain and joy and life, and what we call death, and that the ultimate meaning of it all far transcends our finite powers; that, in the words of Tennyson, we are but "children crying in the night; children crying for the light; and with no language but a cry." Then, the religion of all good men has in it a reverence, which is born of sympathy, for the religious longings and aspirations and struggles of all our fellowmen, in all ages and among all races. It implies a knowledge and appreciation of our enormous debt to the race, of the inseparable, unbreakable connection that exists between the past and the present. It is a reverence for humanity in its deepest and most abiding instincts and hopes and struggles upward—what we may call religious perspective. A deep conviction that without the thoughts and feelings and worships and aspirations and loyalties of all who have gone before us, we ourselves would be little more than common savages. That we are the heirs, in our religion, as in all things, of all the ages—

> Heirs of all that they have wrought,
> By their passion and their tears;
> Heirs of all that they have learned,
> Through the weary toiling years.
>
> Heirs of all the faith sublime,
> By whose wings they soared to heaven;
> Heirs of every hope that time
> To earth's toiling sons hath given.

This is an essential element in the religion of all good men. It has in it no intolerance, no exclusiveness, no hate; it is characterized by a large spirit of humanity and appreciation of all the good that humanity in all ages has wrought or sought. It is a reverence for the Divine in humanity, working itself out and finding expression through such channels and symbols as their imperfect conditions rendered possible.

Such reverence makes a man appreciative of the good in all religion. Its spirit is finely expressed by Matthew Arnold in his poem, "Progress," in which, speaking of the various religions of mankind, he says:

> Children of men! the unseen Power whose eye
> Forever doth accompany mankind,
> Hath looked on no religion scornfully
> That men did ever find,
> Which has not taught weak wills how much they can?
> Which has not fallen on the dry heart like rain?
> Which has not cried to sunk and weary man,
> Thou must be born again?
> Children of men! not that your age excel
> In pride of life the ages of your sires,
> But that *ye* think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well,
> The Friend of man desires.

So, too, Lowell, the poet of humanity and a large tolerance:

> God sends his teachers unto every age,
> To every clime and every race of men,
> With revelation suited to their growth
> And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of truth
> Into the selfish rule of one sole race.
> Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed
> The life of man, and given it to grasp
> The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
> Infolds some germ of goodness and of right;
> Else never had the eager soul which loathes
> The slothful down of pampered ignorance,
> Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.

Such is the spirit of reverence which is an essential part of the religion of all good men.

(2) Another element in the religion of all good men is that which identifies genuine goodness of character—the thoughts and feelings and actions that link the life of the individual in sympathetic aspiration and effort with the highest and best that is possible for humanity, and that all sincerely good men are seeking to realize—that which identifies this spirit and aim in life with religion itself. In a word, that which identifies religion with the highest morality; not the selfish type of morality, so-called, that keeps within the bounds of the conventionally proper or merely righteous in conduct, because such a course is the safest and most agreeable. Not this; but the morality that is, moral goodness itself; the goodness that springs from a conscious union and co-operation with the Power of goodness and love that is at the heart, and in the heart of the moral universe. The response in will and affection and deed to the call of the highest within the soul; the identification of oneself with the Divine Humanity, the giving up of one's life to be the channel and instrument of the spirit of eternal goodness.

(3) Finally, the religion of all good men has in it an element of faith, a confidence in the goodness and sanity of the universe, an implicit trust in the Power that rules at the center of things, a confidence that all will be well—must be well in the final issue of things; that

> a sun will pierce
> The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
> That after Last returns the First,
> Though a wide compass round be fetched,
> That what began best, can't end worst,
> Nor what God blest once prove accurst.

It is a religion that casts out fear from the heart of man, regarding the ultimate destiny of all men. It is a faith born of reason and love that all is well, and must continue to be well in all worlds, because all worlds are under the sway of one infinite Power of

righteousness and love. It must be content to remain in ignorance of many things that men desire to know. But of one thing it is grandly confident—that "no evil can happen to the good man in life or in death."

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

### The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—
W. L. SHELDON,
*Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.*

### XIV.

**Joseph in Egypt.**

You can feel pretty sure that Joseph was no longer a happy boy; for he had been a spoiled child and was being punished for it now. He could not go back to abide with his father. He was being carried into Egypt as a slave, where he would be sold and have to do hard work and not have any home of his own, and no mother and father to think about him or care for him.

By this time he had come to his senses. His real character began to show itself; and he no longer acted like a spoiled child, as when he told his dreams to his brothers. I think you will want to know what happened to him there in Egypt. And I might say that a great deal happened to him, because by and by he became a very important person there, owing to his good conduct and to the manly character he displayed later on.

He was bought as a slave by an officer of Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, whose name was Potiphar, a captain in the army there. For a time Joseph was treated very kindly because he was so well behaved. He was given a good place in the house and was made an important person in the family. It was there that an evil temptation came to him which I must tell you about.

It seems that Potiphar had a beautiful wife, who, however, was not a good woman, and was not a true wife to him at all. She became very fond of Joseph, and so one day she suggested to him that he should become her husband. This is something awful even to think about. But when she proposed it to him, Joseph, like a true man, said to her: "Behold, my master knoweth nothing about this and hath put me in charge of everything in the house. There is none greater in the house than I; neither hath he kept back anything from me. How then can I do this great wickedness?" And she caught hold of his garment in order to persuade him; yet he would not listen to her and ran out of the house. But she had hold of his coat, and as he ran away it slipped off, and she held it in her hand.

Then of course she was awfully afraid. She did not know but that Joseph would go and tell her husband what she had proposed. She had a bad heart and was going to do anything to save herself from punishment; and so she decided that she would accuse Joseph of having suggested to her that she become his wife and leave Potiphar. And when Potiphar came home she stepped forward to meet him before Joseph might see him, and she said: "Thy slave which thou hast kept in this house came to me and proposed that I should become his wife and be untrue to you; and do you know, it came to pass that as I cried out, he left his garment by me and fled."

Then, of course, Potiphar, believing his wife and not knowing how untrue she was, grew very angry with Joseph and put him in prison. And there was poor Joseph, the pet of his father, Israel, after having been sold as a slave by his brothers, now cast into prison there in Egypt. Yet we cannot help admiring him and feeling sure that it would all come out right by and by, because he had been brave and true. You see, when people have the best kind of a character, other people get to know of it by and by. And they discovered this little by little; the keeper of the prison saw what a good, noble young man Joseph was, and after having been told what Potiphar had done, he made Joseph keeper of the prison there, giving him a position of honor.

But I am quite sure that Joseph was not happy during the time he had this position of honor, for he was not his own master and could not go back to his dear father Israel. Yet there was nothing for him to do but stay there and do his duty as best he knew how.

Little by little, in one way or another, Joseph began to be of more and more importance; until by and by Pharaoh, the king, heard of him. The way it all came about was something rather strange, and we would not quite understand it nowadays. In those times people thought a great deal about dreams. You can see this from the way Joseph told his dreams to his brothers and his father, and how uneasy they had been made by those dreams. Nowadays we think nothing about dreams, and know they do not mean anything at all. They are just dreams and nothing more.

As it was, at that time they were always very much troubled when some very striking dream came to them, and they wanted to have it explained. Now Joseph, having been a very bright boy, had a keen mind, and he had learned how to give interpretations of dreams. At any rate, it showed he must have had a great deal of mind.

By and by the king, Pharaoh, had a dream which troubled him very much. And he sent for different men to see whether they could interpret his dream. One after another came and told him all sorts of things. But he was not satisfied. Finally he was told of this young man, the keeper of the prison, a slave who seemed to know how to explain dreams. And Pharaoh sent for Joseph and told him his story, and Joseph did the best he could to tell him what it might mean. He explained how, if the dream were true, a famine was coming in Egypt, so that after there were a number of years of plenty, there would be a number of years of want. As we know, famines were not unusual there in Egypt. They happened every now and then. In certain years there would not be enough water for the land and nothing would grow. During the hundreds and thousands of years people had lived in Egypt this had taken place a great many times.

It seems that Pharaoh the king thought that Joseph was right, and decided to act on the interpretation of his dream by this young man. And it all turned out just as Joseph had suggested. For a number of years the country was very prosperous: and then after a while famine came. There was no water for the land. The corn became parched and dry. But owing to the fact that Joseph had suggested how all this might come to pass, the king had taken great pains to have enough food saved up during the years of plenty, so as to keep the people from starving to death during the famine that followed.

By this time you can be sure that Joseph was no longer just a mere keeper of the prison. No; Pharaoh the king had promoted him to be an officer in the palact. He was still, in a sense, a slave; not belonging to himself; yet he had a very high position and was a great man in Egypt in the palace there of the great king Pharaoh.

To THE TEACHER: Be careful in this lesson not to make too much of dreams. Treat the matter as belonging to another age and another world, when many things were different from what they are nowadays. The main point in this lesson is to show the developing character of Joseph, how well he resisted temptation now that he had to act for himself. Yet do not let the children feel that he had not been to blame for his foolish pride when at home with his brothers. What made his pride the more contemptible at that time was that it was for something on the outside. Now that he was showing real character and

knew there was something on the inside to be proud of, he was learning to be humble. The analysis here could be carried out further with advantage.

## XV.

### The Meeting of Joseph and His Brethren.

In the meantime, I am certain Joseph would be thinking a great deal of his old father Israel, for away there in Canaan, up in the north; and it happened that this famine we have told you about spread beyond Egypt, up to where Israel and his family lived, so that there was a great scarcity in that country as well.

The word had gone abroad how there was still plenty in Egypt owing to the farsightedness of king Pharaoh. And so Israel decided to send his sons down to Egypt in order that they might bring provisions back for their need in Canaan. And this is what he said to his sons: "Why do ye look upon one another? Behold, I have heard that there is corn in Egypt; get you down thither and buy from thence that we may live and not die."

And the brothers of Joseph started off down to Egypt, although one of the brothers was kept behind. You see, Israel had begun to suspect something. While he thought it probable that his youngest child Joseph had been devoured by some wild animal, I fancy he did not quite like the way his sons looked whenever he mentioned the name of Joseph; and furthermore—and this is very sad to think of—he knew that he had been deceitful himself, and thought possibly that his sons might also have acted in this way.

However, after losing Joseph, he had made a great pet of the next youngest boy, Benjamin, and began to feel towards him in the way he had felt towards Joseph. And so he decided that he would not send Benjamin with the others, saying to himself: "Peradventure lest mischief befall him."

And the ten brothers came to Egypt in order to buy corn. Now, Joseph was the chief officer and had charge of the sale of the corn to all who should come. Just think how hard it must have been for him to control himself when suddenly in walked his ten brothers seeking to buy corn from him. But he knew he must be very quiet for a time and control himself and not make himself known to his brothers. In order to do it, he put on a special face and used rather rough language, saying: "Whence come you?" and they said, "From the land of Canaan to buy food." They did not know Joseph, however, because he was so much older now and had changed so much during all the years he had lived in Egypt.

Then Joseph said to them, "Ye are spies," meaning by this to suggest that they had not come for the sake of food, but to do some harm to Egypt. But they answered, "We are all one man's sons. We are true men, thy servants are no spies."

Now Joseph knew that they had not been *true men;* and he had to be very careful indeed until he found out just what they were after. In the first place, he saw that his youngest brother was not with them, and so he put them to a test. He said to them: "Ye shall not go forth hence unless your youngest brother come thither. Send one of you and let him fetch your brother, and ye shall be bound; that your words may be proved whether there be any truth in you; otherwise I shall be obliged to think you are spies."

At last, after he had kept them all there for a number of days, he saw that probably it would be impossible for them to send one of their number to get their brother; and so he decided to let the others go, keeping only one of them behind, in order to make sure that the next time they came they would bring their youngest brother. And he said to them: "If ye be true men, bring your youngest brother unto me."

They had begun to feel that a punishment was coming upon them for what they had done to Joseph. I am glad to notice that even in those early times when people did wrong, they became very uneasy, their consciences troubled them, they regretted what they had done. Then Reuben said to them "Spake I not unto you, saying, Do not sin against the child? And ye would not hear. Therefore, behold, we are to be punished."

You see they were talking together in the presence of Joseph, using their own tongue, while Joseph had learned to use the language of the Egyptians. They did not know, therefore, that he understood them.

You may wonder how he could ask about Benjamin without arousing their curiosity or suspicions; but I suppose they had been obliged to report about their family, as they were strangers from another country; hence probably it did not surprise them that he should have spoken in this way.

But you can imagine the feeling of Joseph as he heard his brothers talking about him, knowing what they were saying among themselves. For a little while it was more than he could stand. He got to thinking about his dear father, how fond he had been of him; about his home, which he might never see again. He thought so deeply about all this that he was obliged to turn away to hide his tears.

After he could control himself, he came back and explained to them how he should retain Simeon until they should return with their younger brother Benjamin, assuring them that if they did this he would no longer think of them as spies.

In the meantime he gave the order that their sacks should be filled with corn, and that their money should not be taken, but that it should be put back into their sacks. They did not know anything about this, of course, and started homeward on their journey, very much troubled as to what they should tell their father in regard to their brother Simeon, who had been left behind.

On their way home, as they were obliged to open one of their sacks, for food, they found the money lying there in the mouth of the sack. This troubled them very much indeed, because they thought it would look as if they had stolen the money; although we take it for granted that Joseph had done this out of the kindness of his heart, not wishing to take any money for what was to go back to his own family, or to his own father.

By this time they were a most unhappy set of brothers, you can be sure. But they journeyed on and came at last to the land of Canaan, and approached their father in order to explain to him what had happened. This is what they said to Israel: "The man, the lord of the land, spake roughly to us and took us for spies of the country. We said to him, We are true men, we are no spies; we be twelve brothers, sons of our father; one is not, and the youngest is this day with our father in the land of Canaan. And the man, the lord of the land, said unto us: Hereby shall I know ye are true men. Leave one of your brethern with me and take corn for the family of your house and go and bring away your youngest brother unto me; then shall I know ye are no spies and are true men. So will I deliver you your brother, and ye shall have traffic in the land."

Poor Israel was unhappy enough now. He did not know what to think. He had lost Joseph, and now it looked to him as if he would have to lose Benjamin. He did not know, either, whether this was all true; whether he could trust what his sons had told him or not. And he cried out: "Me have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away; all these things are against me."

The punishment for the sins of his early years were enough upon him now—almost greater than he could bear. Then Reuben said to his father: "Slay my two sons if I bring him not to thee; deliver him into my hand and I will bring him to thee again." And he

said, "My son shall not go down with you, for his brother is dead and he is left alone. If mischief befall him by the way in which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."

They waited a while until the corn and provisions which they had brought from Egypt were exhausted. And Israel said to them, "Go again, buy us a little food." Then Judah spake unto him, saying, "The man did solemnly protest unto us, saying, Ye shall not see my face except your brother be with you. If thou wilt send our brother with us, we will go down and buy thee food, but if thou wilt not send him, we will not go down, for the man said to us, Ye shall not see my face except your brother be with you."

And so Israel grew more and more suspicious and more and more unhappy as he thought about it, not being able any longer to trust his own sons, as he said: "Wherefore dealt ye so ill with me as to tell the man whether ye had yet a brother?" And they said, "The man asked us of our state and our kindred, saying, Is your father yet alive and, Have ye another brother, and we told him according to the tenor of these words. Could we know that he would say, Bring your brother down?"

Alas for Israel! Moaning and sorrowful even yet over the loss of Joseph, he now feared that he must lose Benjamin likewise. But what could they do? There was no food; nothing was left for their flocks and herds and family, and it looked as if they must starve to death. And so Judah said to his father: "Send the lad with me, and we will arise and go, that we may live and not die, both we and thou and also our little ones. I will be surety for him; of my hand shalt thou require him; if I bring him not unto thee and set him before thee, then let me bear the blame forever."

It was too late for Israel to refuse. They must have food. There they were at the point of starvation. The flocks would die, and the cattle would die; there would be nothing left for them to eat. And so he had to give in. But he said: "If it must be so now, do this: take of the best fruits of your land in your vessels and carry down to the man a present; and take double money in your hand, both the money that was returned in the mouth of the sacks and other money besides. Take also your brother and arise and go to this man again, and may he release unto you your brother and Benjamin. If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved!"

To THE TEACHER: Indicate how a general thread of woe or punishment seems to run all through these stories about Joseph and his father Jacob—not as if each person always at once gets what he deserves, but as if there were a kind of judgment in the air hanging over wickedness. This is the lesson of the period which should be brought home to the young people. The somber tone running through the narrative should be imparted as a sentiment. The shading is sad and dark. People do not seem to be happy, and they do not deserve to be, if they are going to tolerate so much wickedness. Again dwell upon the pathetic side of the life of Jacob, the seeming failure in spite of outward prosperity. Indicate the same weakness in the man in the way he had favorites with his children. Touch on the thread of judgment, in the fact that his career began by just such weakness toward himself on the part of his mother. Show a picture of the "Meeting of Joseph and His Brethren."

MEMORY VERSES: *Me have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away; all these things are against me. My son shall not go down with you, for his brother is dead and he is left alone. If mischief befall him by the way in which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.*

# THE STUDY TABLE.

## The Ideal: Its Realization.*

The growing revolt against a merely materialistic philosophy has produced esoteric cults innumerable, and esoteric books without end. Fantastic and unscientific as are many of these attempts to find the soul of things, and interpret life in terms of spirit, the sign is hopeful.

Finally out of this incongruous mass of occultism will come a symmetrical and sane spiritual philosophy. The little volume with the above title by Lucy C. McGee has both the merits and the defects of the so-called Esoteric Thought. It is an honest, though perhaps confused, groping after the spiritual reality of things. On the whole a good book for a thoughtful hour. Take it up when the spiritual visions are having their way with you, and perhaps its mysticism will prove more apparent than real. R. W.

## Gen. Israel Putnam.†

It would seem almost impossible to say anything new about our famous old Revolutionary hero, Gen. Israel Putnam. But W. F. Livingston, in a recent volume, "Israel Putnam, Pioneer, Ranger and Major General," seems to have succeeded. At any rate with some new sources of information at hand, he says many things interestingly and with fresh emphasis. He fully believes in the wolf story, which certain critics of the tribe of Thomas have been unkind enough to relegate to the growing apocrypha of great men. Every American youngster ought to be duly grateful to Mr. Livingston, for that Putnam wolf story has gladdened the soul of many an embryo hero. Having lost William Tell and the apple and Washington's cherry tree, and with general suspicion growing in the child mind that Santa Claus is not as real as he ought to be (to which gas grates have no little contributed, for how can he come down the chimney when there is none), we want to retain Putnam's adventure with the wolf. To clinch the argument the author reproduces from a photograph the actual cave into which the old hero followed the wolf. "As easy to find a hole in a Connecticut hill," sneers the doubter, "as to find fragments of the true cross." But I shall tell my boy that wolf story with renewed courage and with all conscientious doubts taking wing after reading Mr. Livingston's arguments.

But the book has other merits of a high order and is altogether an interesting and strong presentation of the famous old American hero. Some thirty-four illustrations add to the interest. A quite extensive bibliography makes it a handy volume for any who may desire direction to further study.

*James H. West Co., Boston. Cloth. Price 75 cents.
†The Macmillan Company, 66 Fifth Av., New York. Price $1.50.

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# THE HOME.

## Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Where is that lofty heaven which I had never seen before and which I saw today?

MON.—To understand is to forgive.

TUES.—The shallow mind expresses happiness at the unhappiness of others.

WED.—The law of history relates to man.

THURS.—The life of the nations cannot be summarized in the lives of a few men.

FRI.—There is delight in believing in the possibility of active brotherly love among men.

SAT.—Receiving everything from society and giving nothing in return, you have become the possessor of wealth. How have you been employing it? What have you been doing for your neighbor?

*Tolstoy in "War and Peace."*

## True In Word.

Galen was about four years old and as lively and full of mischief as any boy you can think of. In the summer time he used to wear the funniest little pair of brown overalls. When he had these on he could play as hard as he liked without once having to think about spoiling his clothes.

His hat was always torn, because he used it for so many different things that it couldn't help but wear out.

His shoes lasted a much longer time. Can you guess the reason? He kept them on the closet shelf every day except Sunday, and trotted gaily about in his bare feet.

One thing he liked to do was to run away whenever he got a chance, and this kept his sister, Maud, busy finding the little truant and bringing him back. Sometimes he wouldn't come with her; then his big brother, Irving, would go to the rescue. Galen knew he had to mind then, because Irving was large enough to pick him right up and carry him home if he refused to walk.

By and by school began and Maud and Irving were were no longer at home to watch their little brother, so their father tried a different plan. He called Galen into his office one morning and pointed to a small rawhide which hung on the wall.

"Do you see that, Galen?" he asked.

"Tourse I do," said the little fellow. "I'm lookin' right at it."

"Well, do you know what it's for? It's to whip you with if you run away again. Can you remember that?"

"It's to w'ip me wiv if I run away," repeated Galen, seriously.

All went well for several days. Then his grandfather gave him a penny for reciting " 'Twas the Night Before Christmas" without a mistake.

"I'm goin' to buy a stick of candy," he said to himself as he hurried off downtown.

Just as he got back he met his father.

"What are you up to, Galen?" he asked. "Making mud pies in the road as usual?"

Galen hesitated. Awful visions of the rawhide flashed through his mind, but he held up his candy bravely.

"I just went down to the 'tore a minute," he said, "just one little minute."

"Do you remember what happens to boys who run away?" said his father.

"Their faver w'ips 'em wiv a rawhide," said Galen, with tears in his eyes.

Galen bore his whipping like a man, then his father took him on his lap.

"Do you know what happens to boys who tell the truth, even when they know they'll get a whipping?" he asked. "Well, I'll tell you. Their father takes them for a long ride with him and lets them drive the horses. Now, run and get ready."

"I can always believe what my children tell me," said Galen's father after that; "they always speak the truth."—*Exchange.*

## Two Schools.

A school for wives has been started in England, in which it is proposed to not only teach the pupils all the arts of housewifery, but the secret of retaining a husband's love.

Only gilt-edged articles will be turned out, and a blue-ribboned diploma from this noble institution will be a guarantee that the holder thereof is a household angel, destined to bless any man lucky enough to get her.

This is a move in the right direction. Ignorance is the bane of matrimony. It is sadly true that domestic experience comes at the wrong end of life, and by the time we acquire a working capital of it, it is too late to use it.

Before a girl has learned to keep house or manage a husband she has generally killed him with dyspepsia, or lost his affection, and has no use for her hardly acquired knowledge. So the advantage of marrying a woman who knows her business and is a trained professional, so to speak, instead of a half-baked amateur, is too obvious to need insisting upon.

But why should such a thing as a school for matrimony be a feminine monopoly? Just as many men marry as women, and there is just as wide a field for missionary effort among prospective benedicts as there is among prospective brides. As it is, a man's sole idea of fitting himself to be a good husband is to make enough money to pay his wife's bills.

We all know that the American man is so much the best thing going in the husband line that to mention his faults is almost like looking a gift horse in the mouth, but even he is better for a little training and teaching.—*The New World.*

## A Child of Nature.

The deepest truths often lie sleeping in the heart of the child long before he knows of their presence or understands what they say to him. He has subtle perceptions of the world about him which seem wholly of the senses, but which register the first delicate contacts of his spirit with Nature.

Nothing seems quite real to him, or at least not quite complete, because everything hints at something more wonderful and magical which is to come.

What he expected he could not have described; he did not know; he only knew that the air was full of whispers that all manner of secrets were being exchanged; that there seemed to be a mysterious understanding between the trees, the birds, the winds and the clouds, from which he was excluded; not because there was any desire to shut him out, but because it was impossible to make him understand. The stretches of forest, the meadows, the hills, the quiet places in the heart of the woods, the stars moving in sublime procession past his window, the glowing of the day and its fading; these things touched his spirit with influences so fine and sensitive that they fashioned him without awakening him out of the dream of childhood.

*—From "A Child of Nature," by Hamilton Mabie.*

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## THE FIELD.

*"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."*

### Loss and Gain.

I.

A child was born 'mid little things,
Between a little world and sky—
And dreamed not of the cosmic rings
Round which the circling planets fly.

He lived in little works and thoughts,
Where little ventures grow and plod,
And paced and plowed in little plots,
And prayed unto his little God.

But, as the mighty system grew,
His faith grew faint with many scars;
The Cosmos widened in his view—
But God was lost among His stars.

II.

Another child, in lowly days
As he, to little things was born,
But gathered lore in woodland ways,
And from the glory of the morn.

As wider skies broke on his view,
God greatened in his growing mind;
Each year he dreamed his God anew,
And left his older God behind.

He saw the boundless scheme dilate
In star and blossom, sky and clod;
And, as the universe grew great,
He dreamed for it a greater God.

—S. W. Foss.

*Chicago. Cambro-Celtic Concert.*—Last Wednesday evening in All Souls Church the audience saw the usual order of things reversed. Instead of Mr. Jones occupying the pulpit and Mr. Apmadoc leading the congregation in singing, the latter not only ably occupied the pulpit but did nearly all the singing himself. It was a revelation to many people, not only to learn that Mr. Apmadoc is a Welshman, but to discover how much he knows of his own country people historically and musically. Nor does his Sunday morning service give any hint of his vocal powers of interpretation when demonstrating the beauty of form and rhythm of the old Welsh melodies—some of them he dated as far back as a century before Christ. In case any one cared to dispute the beauty of these rare old songs, Mr. Apmadoc was armed with a formidable array of musical authorities all asserting their worth. As the harp was peculiarly the musical instrument of the Welsh people, it was appropriately a part of the program. Miss Osgood played some of the quaint old airs with sympathetic intelligence. Miss Shoupe sang two old descriptive songs with much credit to her teacher, Mr. Apmadoc. It was also interesting to learn that a language which looks as if made up largely of consonants can also be expressed in a collection of vowels, and is as softly pleasing to the ear as the dulcet phrases of an Italian lover. Indeed, of the two, the Welsh sounded more euphonious than the English translation. It may be unfair to say so at this late date, but those who did not go to this concert missed a rare musical treat. B. E. J.

CHICAGO.—Ryder Memorial Church has been struggling for some months under the disadvantage of having no regular pastor, the Rev. Frederick Millar, who had, during the six years of his ministry in the parish succeeded in evolving a prosperous church from a small membership, having been compelled by illness to retire from active work. Several candidates for the pastorate had during the interim occupied the pulpit, exciting various degrees of interest, but the attendance was steadily decreasing and the absence of weekly evening services had its inevitable result in a lack of enthusiasm even amongst the old and devoted members. The Sunday school and Young People's Union alone retained their vitality. But on the first Sabbath of the new year Mr. Millar occupied the pulpit in renewed health and strength and with all the old-time warmth of feeling and expression. Notices of his expected visit had been sent to the parishioners, and he was greeted with an audience that taxed the capacity of the church, and whose interest and responsive sympathy were at once evident.

After the service and partaking of communion, a social reunion was held in the church parlor. It is to be hoped that Mr. Millar will resume the work in which he has been so successful, and that perfect harmony will prevail in the parish, all working together for the highest good of each.

LOUISE P. PEARSON.

GENESEO, ILL.—First Unitarian Society.—Rev. Thos. P. Byrnes has resigned here to accept a call to the "People's Church" of Kalamazoo, Mich. Mr. Byrnes closes his work here Jan. 26 and begins his work in Kalamazoo Feb. 2. Mr. John Hammond, one of the devoted members of the Unitarian church here, has recently given to the city a fine hospital. Mr. Joseph Hammond, the father of the above, gave a few years ago a fine public library to the city. Thus does our faith prove its vitality in our western communities.

## Correspondence.

There is much being said here about the new St. Louis. This arises in part from the preparation incident on the preparations for celebrating the Louisiana Purchase, but, deeper than this, is a growing sentiment in favor of a clean civic administration.

The growth of a wide and deep social impulse is apparent. As one indication, last Sunday the Jewish Educational and Charitable Union dedicated a beautiful and commodious new building at the northwest corner of Ninth and Carr streets, right in the midst of the Ghetto.

A large and enthusiastic audience greeted the speakers. Major Rolla Wells made a clear and strong speech in favor of educating the rising generation to vote, not for party, but for justice, in all affairs. He is showing himself a capable and clean administrator of city affairs.

Mr. F. Louis Soldan made a strong speech upholding the idea of broad and practical education and emphasizing the fact that the Jews are foremost, throughout the world in supporting educational movements.

Rabbi Leon Harrison, of Temple Israel, spoke most eloquently of the duty of training for good citizenship, and the union of real religion and true education.

General John W. Noble who was Secretary of the Interior in the Harrison administration, spoke effectively along the same lines.

Mr. Moses Fraley, president of the Union, who has worked so effectively for the union of all the Jewish educational and charitable and social organizations, made an enthusiastic speech urging the heartiest co-operation.

Mr. Wm. Goldstein made a speech presenting a picture of the late Prof. Wm. Deutsch, who superintended the Alliance Night School so long and well. Mr. Elias Michael, whose splendid generosity has in a large degree made the building a fact, spoke effectively of this consummation of their hopes. The building is already crowded with work that makes for larger and better life.

Some other hopeful indications of the new St. Louis will be spoken of later. W. CALDWELL.

Social Settlement League, St. Louis, Jan. 7, 1902.

## Foreign Notes.

UNITARIANISM AT CANTERBURY.—Apropos of the anniversary of Thomas-a-Becket, an English exchange, the *Christian Life*, gives some interesting details concerning Unitarianism in the city of that English saint. "For a long time past," it says, "Unitarian worship has been kept up in a building of great antiquity that dates back some seven hundred years to

Henry III.'s reign. It was the refectory of the 'Black Friars,' or Dominican monks, in the very first monastery that their order erected in England.

"In early days of English Nonconformity, soon after the refectory had become a 'Dissenting meeting house,' Daniel Defoe, the author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' often worshiped within its walls; and though the atmosphere of Canterbury was not favorable to the development of Nonconformity, there are also memories connected with later generations there which the members of our little congregation in the Black Friars Chapel ought to keep alive.

"The congregation may well cherish the inspiring memory of one of their most zealous members of a hundred years ago—Mr. Williams Kingsford, of Barton Mills. He died in 1812, after having been from early life connected with the Black Friars meeting-house. In his love for it he built several meeting-houses in Kent, as at Broadstairs, Stelling and Whitstable. And he spent much money, too, in supporting village preaching, and also in the gratuitous distribution of religious books, some of them being of his own authorship. Though long before his death he had become too deaf to hear the minister's voice, he continued to be punctual in his attendance upon the Black Friars' meeting, that he might by personal example do all in his power to support the practice of public worship. What was the secret of this noble and useful life? It is disclosed in the memorandum which he wrote as a preface to his private account book:—'I acknowledge that all I have comes from God. It was He who caused my lines to fall in pleasant places, and gave me a goodly heritage. My desire is, that He will be pleased to give me grace to consider myself as a steward of His manifold mercies, and enable me to use them to his glory, in promoting the general good of my family my fellow Christians, and my fellow creatures.'

"But the earliest record of Unitarianism in Canterbury is one which has not (so far as we have been able to learn) any direct connection with the Black Friars Chapel, though it has some connection with the great cathedral of the archbishop. Much has been said by many writers about the French Protestant congregation which still meets, as for 330 years past it has done, in the crypt under the cathedral at Canterbury. A curious chapter in the history of English Unitarianism is connected with the Canterbury Huguenots.

"About 1696 some of the French Protestants in that city—Dr. Simon, Stephen Du Thoy, and others—adopted Unitarian views, and were consequently threatened with excommunication by the Huguenot synod. To avoid this they conformed to the Church of England, and received the sacrament at the parish church; whilst two of them, Messrs. Souverain and Rondeau, entered the Anglican ministry, in which the archbishop promised to provide benefices for them. In consequence, however, of their declaring that they had signed the Thirty-nine Articles only as 'articles of peace,' and not as a creed which they heartily accepted, they were compelled to withdraw from this position, and to declare themselves Protestant Dissenters. On September 10, 1697, they commenced a Nonconformist service of their own, under the protection of the Toleration Act, the Rev. James Rondeau preaching the first sermon."

A Protestant Community in Milan.—The Rev. H. Paira writes *Le Protestant*, under date of Dec. 9, 1901, the following details concerning the protestant society of which he is the evidently happy pastor:

"Yesterday, Sunday, the Protestant community, French and German, of Milan, celebrated in its church, built in 1864 and the oldest evangelical church of this city and of Lombardy, the semi-centennial jubilee of its organization in 1850. The celebration having been postponed one year, in order to renew the organ, which was used for the first time on this occasion. The society comprises today 1,200 souls, almost as many as all the other evangelical congregations in Milan put together, and includes representatives of various nationalities. For a quarter of a century those of French extraction formed more than half, but since the German immigration due to the war of 1870, those of that nationality have been the more numerous. Among them are to be found Lutherans, adherents of the Reformed faith and Protestants of various denominations. There are liberals and orthodox, or evangelicals, of every shade. But to tell the truth, all these differences are blotted out or disappear in the common life. The Christian spirit smoothes down or effaces all national and confessional asperities. Each one desires to be known as a protestant, and that suffices. There is, therefore, little question as to creed; even the apostolic symbols disappear from our worship. Those to whom these things are essential join the Italian sects. What our parishioners have in common most assuredly is the spirit of sacrifice. By their own efforts without state aid or foreign contributions, they have built their church costing $48,000; they provide for all the expenses of church and schools and support various philanthropic and humanitarian activities. Do you know many such churches, in our own French fatherland or elsewhere? Pray pardon this boastful outburst on the part of a shepherd speaking of his flock, who has thought that perhaps such boldness might not seem objectionable to those of your readers who take an interest in the Protestants of Italy. These latter know so little of one another that they cannot expect to be known abroad. How many Milanese know the Protestant church in Florence, and vice versa?—I do not know whether your excellent journal counts in this city many liberal subscribers beside myself, but what there are must smile to read in your last issue that there are, in all Italy, barely two liberal protestants, a young Florentine pastor and my old friend, Prof. Bracciforti, of Milan, who, in the more than thirty years that he has been connected with our society, has drawn thence his Unitarian convictions."

When next any of us travel in Italy let us look up this interesting church organization. M. E. H.

## Books Received.

Constructive Studies in The Priestly Element in the Old Testament. An Aid to Historical Study. For use in advanced Bible Classes. By William R. Harper. The University of Chicago Press.

Regnum Dei. Eight lectures on the Kingdom of God in the History of Christian Thought. By Archibald Robertson, D. D. The Macmillan Co., New York.

Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges. The Acts, with maps, introduction and notes by the late J. Rawson Lumby, D. D. Cambridge. At the University Press. $1.10.

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